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Canadian Mining Institute

Hymns

Ancient and Modern
But Mainly Aechaeon

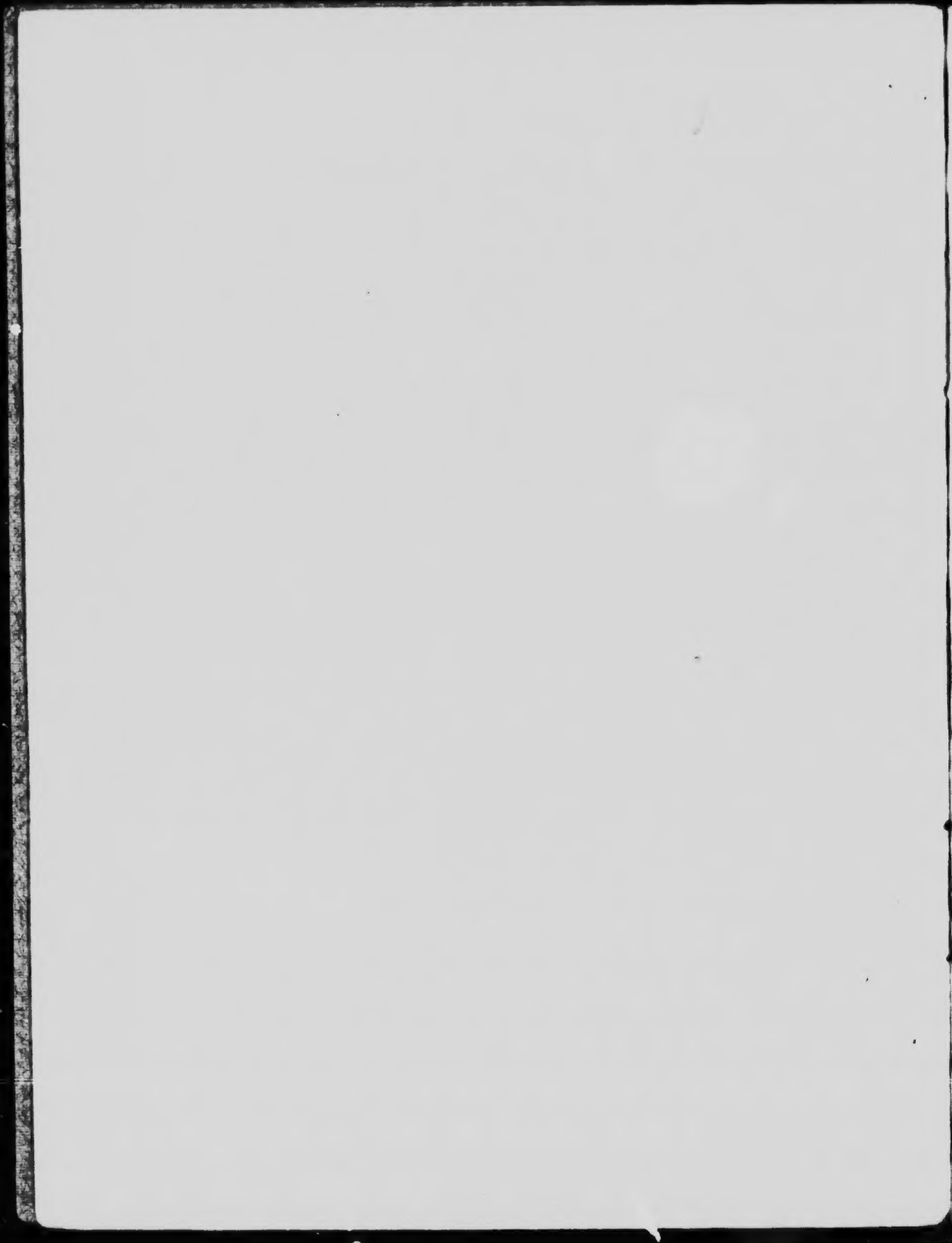


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Canadian Mining Institute

HYMNS

Ancient and Modern
But Mainly Archæan



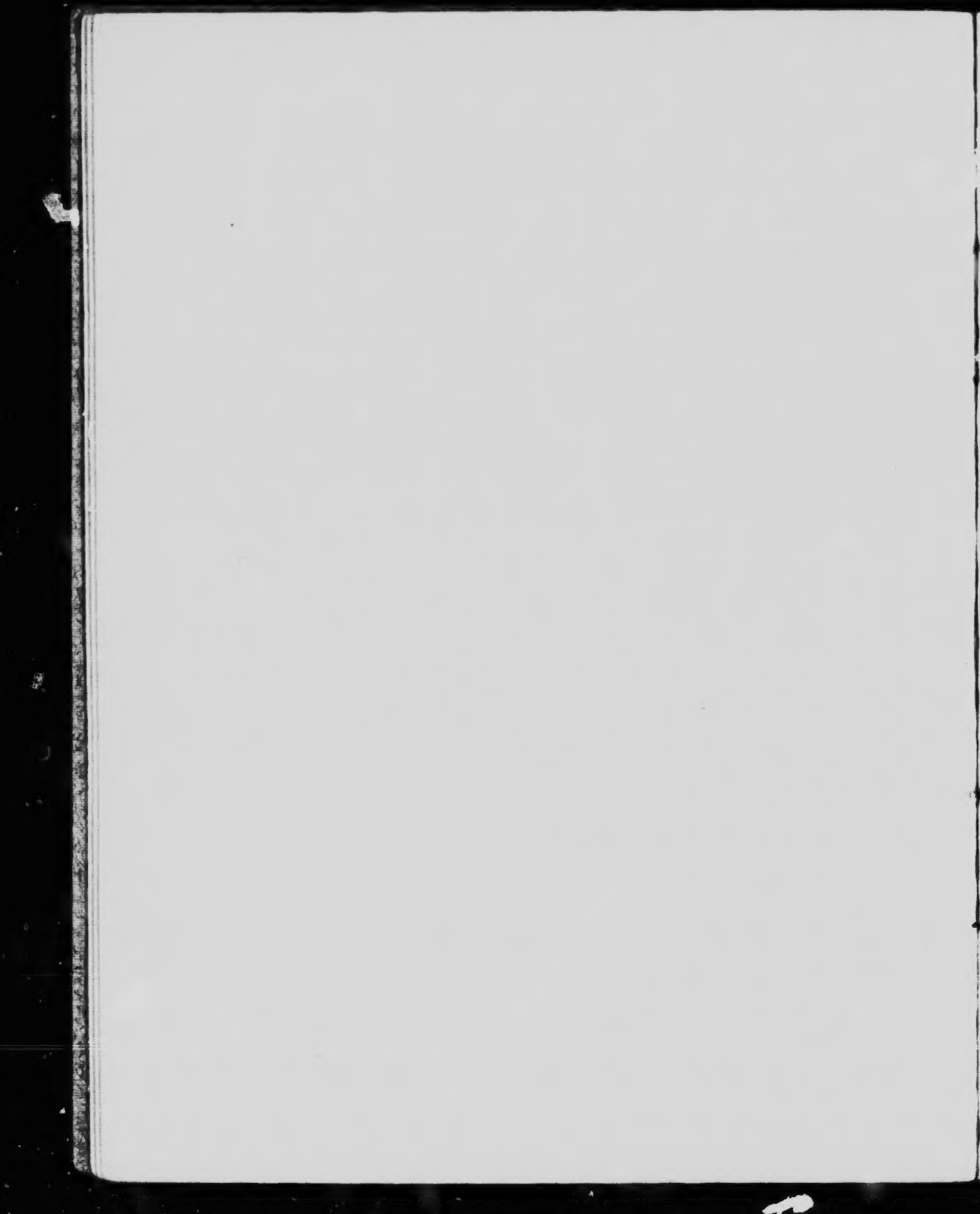
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I

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix :
God save the King !

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King !

II

WHEN Britain first at Heav'ns command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sing the strain,

CHORUS :

Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves,
For Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall [free,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
The dread and envy of them all,
Chorus—Rule Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Chorus—Rule Britannia, etc.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair, [crowned
Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Chorus—Rule Britannia, etc.

III

① Canada ! Our home, our native land,
True patriot love thou dost in us command.
We see thee rising fair, dear land,
The True North strong and free ;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

CHORUS :

O Canada ! O Canada !
O Canada ! We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada ! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada ! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow.
Thou art the land, O Canada,
From East to Western sea,
The land of hope for all who toil,
The land of liberty.

O Canada ! Beneath thy shining skies,
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise ;
And so abide, O Canada,
From East to Western sea,
Where e'er thy pines and prairies are,
The True North strong and free.

IV

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died ;
Land of the pilgrim's pride ;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love.

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills :
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing :
Long may thy land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

V

ALLONS, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé,
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé (*bis*)
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats ?
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes !

Aux armes, citoyens !
Formez vos bataillons :
Marchez, marchez ! qu'un sang
impur
Abreuve nos sillons.

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers, dès longtemps préparés ? (*bis*)
Français ! pour nous, ah ! quel outrage !
Quels transports il doit exciter !
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage.

Aux armes, &c.

Tremblez tyrans, et vous perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis !

Tremblez,—vos projets parricides,
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix. (*bis*)
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre ;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.

Aux armes, &c.

Français ! en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups ;
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
A regret s'armant contre nous ; (*bis*)
Mais le despote sanguinaire,
Mais les complices de Bouillé—
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.

Aux armes, &c.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs ; (*bis*)
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents,
Que tes ennemis expirants,
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.

Aux armes, &c.

VI

SURE every morn at seven o'clock
There are twenty tarriers on the rock
All hard at work on the right of way
On Section B. of the big railway
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

CHORUS :

Drill, ye tarriers, drill
For we work all day without sugar in our tay
While we work beyant on the big railway.
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill
And shtrike and shtrike and turn the drill
And drill, ye tarriers, drill.

Monologue, finishing with "Are you all ready.
Then Blast, Fire, Noise, All over.

English, Irish, Welsh and Scotch,
French and Germans, Swedes and Dutch,
Poles, Italians, Greeks begob ;
Every country's on the job.
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.—*Cho.*

We go to work in gangs of three,
Red haired Mike and Bill and me ;
There's no mistake we're husky lads
That swing the sleds and hold the gads,
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.—*Cho.*

When the boss comes along says Bill to Mike
'Put all your power on the drill when you strike,'
Mike winks at me, I wink at Bill,
While we gently shstrike and turn the drill.
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.—*Cho*.

But when the foreman comes in sight,
We shstrike and shstrike with all our might.
You can't fool him because he knows
The kind of schwing and shstrike that goes.
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.—*Cho*.

The cook is a fine man all around,
And his wife is a great big fat fardown.
She makes good bread, and she makes it well;
But she bakes it harder than the hobs of Hell.
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.—*Cho*.

The foreman's name is Dan McCann,
And I tell you what, he's a damned mean man.
One day a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Gough.
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.—*Cho*.

Next month when payday came around,
A dollar short in his pay he found.
What for, says Jim ; came Dan's reply,
You were docked for the time you were up
[in the sky.
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.—*Cho*.

VII

COME, landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll get sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey punch
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
So early in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

VIII

A TALL stalwart Lancer lay dying,
And as on his death-bed he lay,
To his friends who around him were sighing,
These last dying words he did say.

CHORUS :

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low,
And six stalwart Lancers shall carry me,
With steps solemn, mournful, and slow.

Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.—*Cho.*

Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch there
"Here lies a poor buffer below."—*Cho.*

And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.—*Cho.*

And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.—
Cho.

IX

THERE is a tavern in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS :

Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends
must part.

Adieu, adieu kind friends adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark,
And now my love once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.—*Cho.*

Oh ! dig my grave both wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.—*Cho.*

X

AL OUETTE, gentille alouette, alouette je te [plumerai,
je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la tête,
Et la tête, et la tête, et la tête, O [plumerai
Alouette, gentille alouette, alouette, je te

Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O, etc.

Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O, etc.

Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O, etc.

Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O, etc.

Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O, etc.

XI

GIVE a rouse, then, in the May-time
For a life that knows no fear !
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer !
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song
For it's always fair weather [ringing clear;
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song
ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air ;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare ;
And its birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,

With a stein on the table and a good song
For it's always fair weather [ringing clear;
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart with-
out a care.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have their fling
And life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship
And life slips its tether [of spring;
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship
of spring.

When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship
Then life slips its tether [of spring;
When goods fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship
of spring.

XII

A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle,
Que je me suis baigné.
Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle,
Que je me suis baigné,
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Lui ya, etc.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher,
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui ya, etc.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Lui ya, etc.

Chante, rossignol chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Lui ya, etc.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
J'ai perdu ma maître
Sans l'avoir mérité.
Lui ya, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Lui ya, etc.

Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Lui ya, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêmes amitiés.
Lui ya, etc.

XIII

EN roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, ma boule.

Derrière chez nous ya t'un étang,
En roulant ma boule.
Trois beaux canards s'en v ont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule.
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

XIV

ALL the world around I'm straying,
Every sea and mountain o'er ;
Free as air, I'm never staying
On the North or Southern shore,
Merry here and merry there (*bis*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*bis*)

All my goods weigh not a feather,
And my blood is never old ;
Everywhere I feast with princes,
Everywhere in halls of gold.
Hungry here and hungry there (*bis*)
Ubi Beni, ibi Patria (*bis*)

In my heart are all the treasures—
Joys no hand can take away ;
Who would pine for mammon's pleasures
Death can darken in a day.
Merry here and merry there (*bis*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*bis*)

While my pipe is yet beside me,
And my beer remains to foam,
With a hat and coat to hide me,
Everywhere I'll gaily roam.
Drinking here and smoking there (*bis*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*bis*)

In the bowl I'm ever heeding
Love's delicious, maddening glow ;
Now in northland humbly pleading,
Now where southern breezes blow.
Kissing here and drinking there (*bis*)
Uni Bene, ibi Patria (*bis*)

So through life I'm smoothly gliding
On a calm and shining sea,
Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
And in wine's sweet revelry.
Merry here and merry there (*bis*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*bis*)

By-and-by shall Death's grim shadows
On this useless clay be laid ;
Then I'll clasp the cooling meadows
In the golden land of shade !
Merry here and merry there (*bis*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*bis*)

XV

IN a cabin, in a canon,
An excavation for a mine ;
Dwelt a miner, a forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS :

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine ;
You are lost and gone for ever,
Drefful sorry, Clementine.

She drove her ducklets to the river
Every morning just at nine ;
Stubbed her toe against a sliver,
Fell into the foaming brine.—*Cho.*

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine ;
Alas for me, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.—*Cho.*

XVI

MAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam.
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS :

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam,
O darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,

Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung,
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh ! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me lib and die.—*Cho.*

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb ?
When shall I hear de banjo thrumming,
Down in my good old home ?—*Cho.*

XVII

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine ;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise.
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of love's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be ;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.

XVIII

THERE'S decent old Miller
Who could have scooped siller
When Cobalt had just hove in sight,
But instead of resigning,
Or even repining,
He has stuck to his job till to-night.

Dean Adams comes next,
He seldom is vexed,
With problems requiring solution,
For he makes young McGill
Work himself almost ill
To encourage his minds evolution.

Good Barlow new Juice,
(For which no present use
Is being discovered to-night)
Was squeezed out of rock,
By some seismic shock
No doubt the poor granite was tight.

George Mickle you know
To a convent did go
To seek for his spiritual good—
Just here it is wrong

To continue the song,
And I would'nt—not e'en if I could.

Volcolicky Coste,
To all virtue lost,
Has just arrived here from the tropics—
In searching for oil
He spent time and toil,
We shall tap him on some gassy topic.

Our dear friend the Major,
Unaffected by age or
The troubles that most of us know
Has taken a partner
A kind of a heartener
There's nothing about him that's slow.

Ex-Treasurer Brown
With his chin full of down,
Will presently feel like a rooster,
By the cock of his eye
We expect bye-and-bye
That he'll crow just as much as he useter.

I am Mortimer Lamb,
Quite a good sort I am,
There's peacefulness writ on my forehead
Bnt at any old time,
I don't care a dime
For chaps whc get angry and horrid.

XIX

THERE'S a place called Ellis Island
And it don't amount to much.
For every ship that's landing there
Is loaded down with Dutch ;
Oh, the dirty, dirty Dutch,
Oh, the dirty, dirty Dutch :
They're a damn sight better than the Irish.

XX

HAPPY we are a' thegither,
Happy we've been, ane and a',
Time will mak us a' the blither
When we rise to gang awa'.

XXI

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS :

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
[Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.—*Cho.*



